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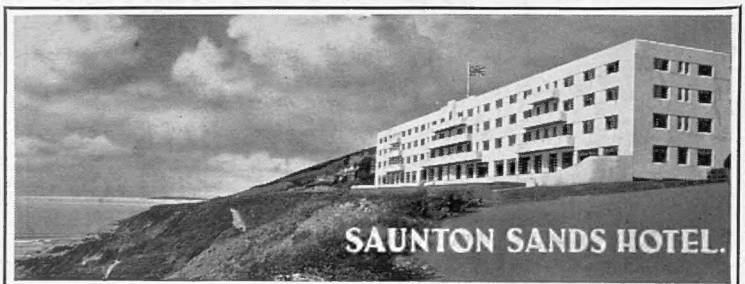

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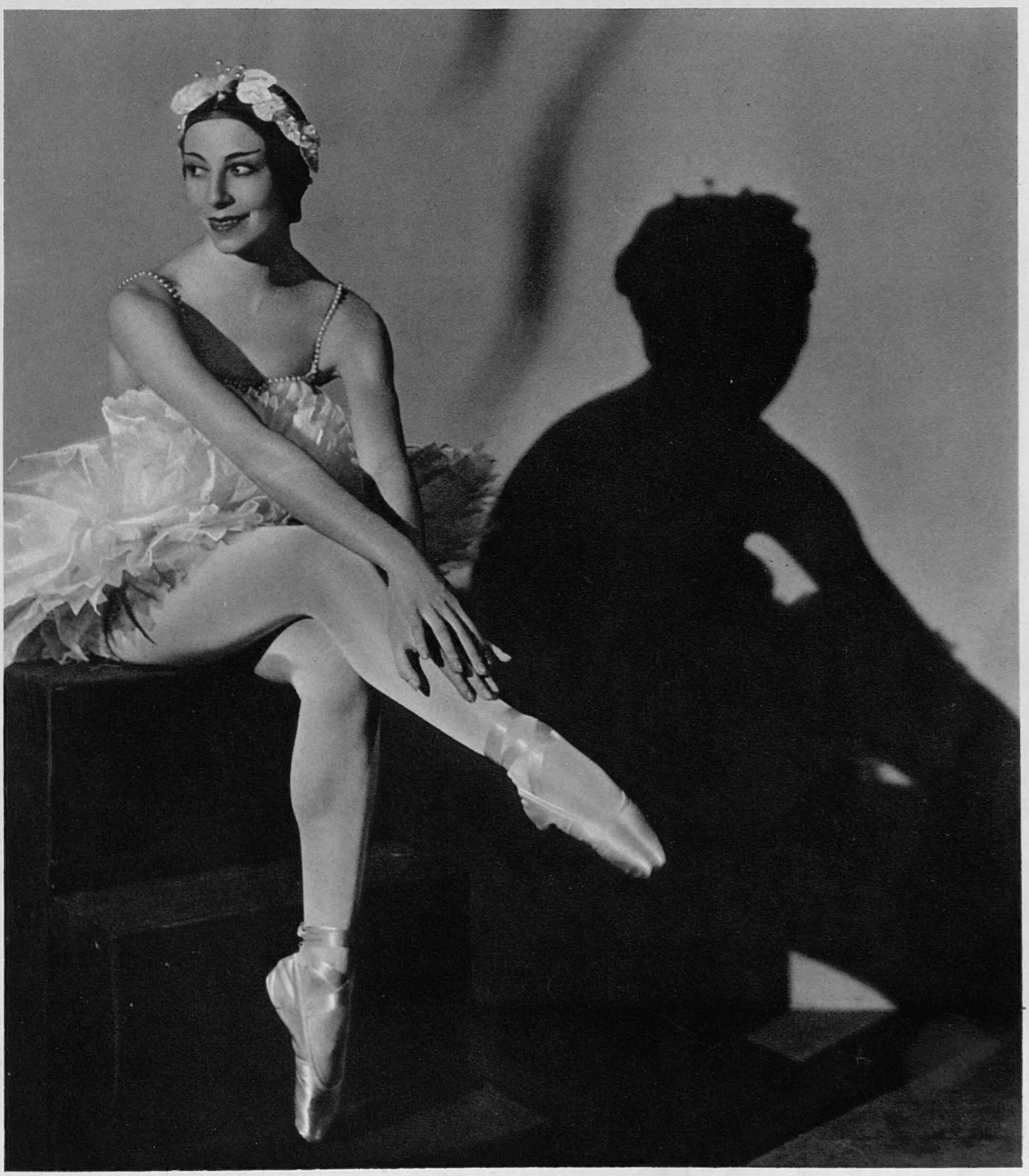
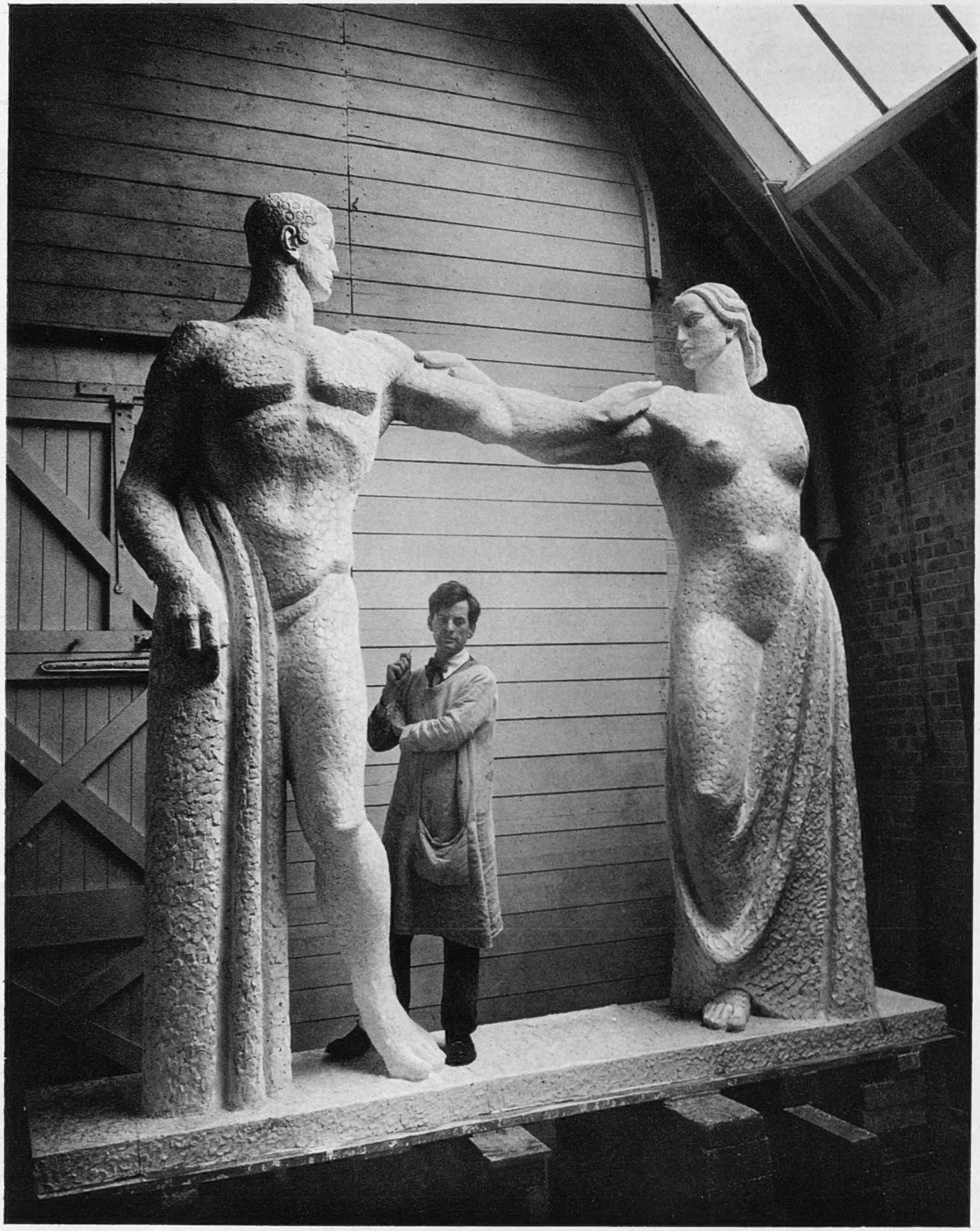
The Bystander



Anthony

Study of Alicia Markova

Markova is dancing in London again, but only until the end of this week. She and Anton Dolin and their company have been at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, for a fortnight; next Monday they go off on tour until the beginning of May, when they come back to Hammersmith for a four-weeks' Coronation season. Markova in her classical parts — in *Giselle*, *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Blue Bird*—is always a dancer to dream of, so pure is her line, so fluidly light her movement. No new ballet in the Company's repertoire has given her a part to reveal her qualities as these rôles do. Nijinska, who has been with the company since January taking classes and rehearsals, has composed at least one new ballet for them and revived some of her old ones, but none of these have yet been given; they are being saved for the later London season



Norman Parkinson

Charles Wheeler and His Statues for Paris

Charles Wheeler, A.R.A., is one of the band of sculptors and artists who are working on the decoration—exterior and interior—of the British Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition. His contribution is this fine double-life-size group symbolising Industry and Art, which was photographed in his studio in Tregunter Road. Its transport to Paris will set the skilled packers and removers of the art world a considerable problem. Charles Wheeler is one of the best known of English large-scale sculptors. He executed the statues for the new Bank of England building, and his work can also be seen on South Africa House, India House, Rhodes House, Oxford, among other places. He comes from Wolverhampton, studied under the late Professor E. Lanteri, has exhibited at the Royal Academy since 1914 (when he was twenty-two); was elected A.R.A. three years ago

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

GERMAN knowledge of psychology has never been very profound, and German knowledge of the ordinary procedure of civilised diplomacy seems to be equally wobbly. The latest episode in the colonial saga is characteristic. Mr. Eden sent a note through the usual diplomatic channels to Herr Ribbentrop, on the subject of the former German colonies. The German Ambassador to the Court of St. James's replied, not through the usual diplomatic channels, as might have been expected, but by the singular medium of a speech in Leipzig, of all places. It certainly was a warm speech, too. There was no soft cooing about it. Germany is going to get her colonies back, he said in effect, either by the voluntary surrender of those who hold them now, or by " the might of the German people." If that is not a definite threat of armed violence, then I don't know one when I see one, as the man said when he saw a giraffe on Wandsworth Common dancing round a Beltane fire on Midsummer eve. Mr. Eden lost no time in replying to this truculence. Within twenty-four hours he had stated categorically that the Government had not considered and is not considering the transfer of any territory under British political control.

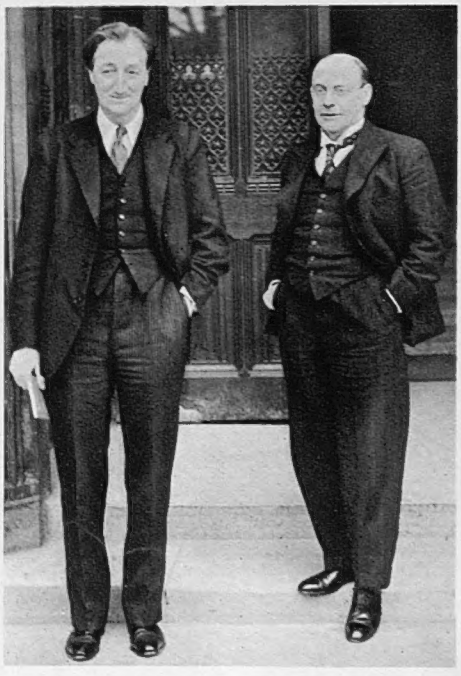
THIS incident has come very soon after Herr Ribbentrop's Nazi salute at Court to the King. And there are the oddest rumours flying, about the reconstruction of the German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace. It is certain that more than a hundred workmen have been brought over from Germany to carry out the alterations. This, of course, is perfectly correct from the technical point of view, as the German Embassy is German soil. But it is hardly tactful to a nation that has still more than a million and a-half unemployed.

IN the Foreign Affairs debate in the House of Commons, speaker after speaker laid stress upon the key position in European affairs of Czecho-Slovakia. This small outpost of democracy is hemmed in on all sides by dictators and Austria, the diplomatic battle-ground of dictators. A violent Press-campaign against her is being waged in Germany. The German minority inside her borders is clamouring for autonomy, and the Hungarian minority is watching developments eagerly. It is a painful position for Dr. Benes, the President, and his colleagues. France is their main support, with Russia as a possible help in the background, and M. Blum has categorically stated that " France will stand by her allies." What will Great Britain do if Czecho-Slovakia is attacked ? That is what Europe is anxiously wondering.

IT now seems to be pretty generally agreed that the Italians ran amok in Addis Ababa after the attempt on the life of Marshal Graziani. Political murder, or, if it comes to that, any murder, is a horrible thing, and the savage who threw the bomb was just as criminal as any white man who murdered Alexander of Jugo-Slavia, or the Tsar of Russia, or Signor Matteotti. But authoritarian murder is far worse. To kill a man in cold blood because you dislike him is bad ; to kill a man in cold blood under pretence of doing justice is far worse. According to a correspondent of the *Times*, " with rifles, pistols, bombs, knives, and clubs served out for the occasion, gangs of Blackshirts and workmen went through the native quarters killing every man, woman and child they came across." At about the same time, too, Ras Desta was captured in battle and instantly shot. One trembles to think to what depths of barbarism the Ethiopians might be sinking to by now, if they had not been lucky enough to get this civilising influence into their lives.

The First Egyptian Ambassador in London

Dr. Hafez Afifi Pasha, who was Egyptian Minister here from 1930 to 1934, has returned as Ambassador-designate, following on the new relations grounded by the treaty. He arrived in London last week on the Golden Arrow



Oxford Burgesses and Independents Both

Sir Arthur Salter, the new Oxford University burgess who fills Lord Hugh Cecil's resigned seat in the Commons, was introduced last week by Mr. A. P. Herbert and Miss Rathbone (the first woman sponsor in Parliamentary history). Despite the expectations of a full house, the ceremony went off without a hitch, the two Independents marching up in military style ; all three bows were perfectly timed. Meanwhile, the large block of Oxford Conservatives is unrepresented in the Commons

THE long expected Government scheme for the Distressed Areas has now been published, and it makes rather ridiculous reading. The Government proposes to spend about £2,000,000 on helping new industries in these melancholy districts. But under the new rearmament scheme hundreds of millions are going to be spent, a great deal of which will inevitably go to these areas, and so the £2,000,000 seems almost unnecessary. It is no small higgledy-piggledy scheme which is going to help places like Jarrow and South Wales and Durham. Prosperity, even though it may be temporary and artificial, will be thrust upon them by rearmament.

QUITE unexpectedly this week there seems to be no act of vandalism to chronicle. On the contrary, a group of citizens of East Anglia have bought 160 acres of Stiffkey Valley in order to preserve one of the finest views in Norfolk from the speculative builder. A small private company has been formed which is to work with the National Trust, and so far as possible, with the owners of the adjoining lands. If the company is successful in persuading the latter to use their land for agriculture only and not to fall a victim to the lure of the builder, this will have been a notable week in the annals of the destruction of England.

I HAVE just received the circular of the National Arts Collection Fund. The members this spring are to have the privilege of visiting the historic halls of the Fishmongers' Company and the Haberdashers' Company. There is also to be a special visit to the Maritime Museum at Greenwich, and there will be special arrangements by which the members will be able to see Westminster Abbey in its Coronation state. There are few societies so well-worth helping as the Arts Collection Fund. £1 a year to Hertford House, Manchester Square, is one of the best investments I know.

A FEW weeks ago I wrote a paragraph about Mr. Hamilton Fyfe and the cost of the monarchy. I have received the following letter from Mr. Fyfe :

SIR,—When you accuse a journalist whom you credit (far too kindly) with " immense learning and experience " of talking " complete nonsense," you ought to be sure of your facts. You say the nation does not pay for the monarchy because the monarchy exchanged the old Crown Lands for a fixed income. But how did it come by the old Crown Lands ? Did they bring them with them from Hanover ? You ought to know as well as I and other editors, present or past, do, that it got them from the nation.

This is no place for controversy, but in fairness to myself I must take one example, at random, of the origin of the Crown Lands. Windsor is built on the site of property which Harold owned before he became King, and so that Crown Land has not belonged to " the nation " for nearly a thousand years, if it ever did. I confess that it had not occurred to me that George I. brought Windsor with him from Hanover, but then there were English Kings before the days of the German Geordies. Probably if a careful investigation were made, it would be discovered that most of the Crown Lands came, not from the nation, but from the dissolved abbeys and monasteries of the Catholic church.

I WENT to see *Fire Over England*, and my feelings about it are rather mixed. The story, as all Mr. Erich Pommer's stories do, runs smoothly and clearly from beginning to end ; Miss Clemence Dane's dialogue was just about the best I have heard yet in a serious film ; the photography was admirable. But I never could believe that Queen Elizabeth was as dull and heavy and static as Miss Flora Robson played her. I always thought that Elizabeth may have been cruel and often wrong, but at least she was full of vitality and energy. As for the scenes of the Armada, they were simply ridiculous. And I looked and longed in vain for Sir Francis Drake to put a little fire into the action.

MESSRS. HAMISH HAMILTON have published the collected poems of Miss Dorothy Parker at the very modest rate of six bob. Miss Parker is known all over the English-speaking world as a wit, an essayist, epigrammatist, story-writer, and, in fact, the quintessence of that elusive quality of swiftness, cynicism, and humanism which makes up *The New Yorker*. Her poems are a revelation in two senses. They reveal a hidden depth of feeling that might be unsuspected, and they reveal the essential Dorothy Parker. If ever a Grimaldi walked the world it is this sad, mournful, beauty-loving spinner of words, disillusioned except for the eternal hope of one more illusion, always defeated by life but always defeating life with one last gay quip, a Shropshire lass with a touch of Mercutio.

IT is almost impossible in these days to pick up a newspaper without reading startling and wholly unverifiable figures about the " boom in squash rackets." The usual formula is : " It is estimated that upwards of half a million (or a million, or five million, whichever the sub-editor fancies) men and women play squash nowadays. The beauty of the game is that a day's exercise can be compressed into half an hour." The first statement is, of course, the vaguest guesswork ; the second assumes, in my opinion on the flimsiest grounds, that the game has any beauty at all, and in any case only claims for squash what any mediæval convict would claim for the treadmill. I am impelled to these reflections by a visit to the All-England Badminton Championships at Westminster. There is a really beautiful game for you. It is fast, subtle, and has an infinite variety of strokes. Squash always seems to me to have only two strokes—the hard hit and the soft hit. But maybe I am wrong.

Right : Miss Diana Doveton, of Somerset, and Miss Thelma Kingsbury, the holder, were the finalists in the women's singles of the All-England Badminton Championships played last week. The excellencies of the game, especially as compared with squash, are commented on by A. G. Macdonell on this page

New Member of the L.C.C.

Earl Beatty won a seat at Peckham for the Municipal Reform party in the L.C.C. elections last week ; he shares the division with R. Sargood, a Labour member. He was M.P. for Peckham from 1931 until he succeeded last year. With him in the polling-day snapshot is his fiancé, Mrs. Dorothy Power Sands. They are being married next month

Experts at a " Subtle, Beautiful Game "

Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor in "Camille"

The junction of these two stars in a story that has given a part to most great emotional actresses since 1850 is an event that publicity agents will not soon forget. Greta Garbo, who has reigned supreme on the screen of the world for eleven years, making love in that time to seventeen leading men, might well strike awe into young and scarcely ex-collegiate Robert Taylor (his archie-shell rise to fame covers two years), but he soon got over his first diffidence, say reports, and it is an entrancing pair of lovers that can be seen in *Camille* at the Empire. George Cukor, director of *Romeo and Juliet*, also made this film of the younger Dumas' *Dame aux Camellias*, and there are similarities: attention to acting and setting, but very little sense of period mentality—an important omission. But he has given us a new, even more tender, radiant Garbo and a moving interpretation of a moving story. Lionel Barrymore makes a good thing of the unsympathetic rôle of Armand's father

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

SNOWBOUND members of the hunting and racing fraternity spent an anxious week-end in fear that the Cheltenham meeting might be postponed. Until the luncheon hour on Monday, people marooned in country houses did not know whether to go home, dash to London to the hairdresser and manicurist, stay where they were, or make for the adjacent Gloucestershire manor house, where they hoped they were still expected.

To make matters worse, telephone wires had collapsed in Sunday's snowstorm, and one county was cut off from another.

That dark horse that we were relying upon to get us out, may be "goosed in the going," to use a racing expression, and things never looked more Monday-morning-ish than when we personally missed the only bearable train at a local wayside station.

A Grand Military Story

WE heard two stable stories during the week-end that amused us a lot.

The first was about an eager half-wit who was being shown a newly-acquired horse with some pride by the owner. "I found him in a seller," he announced. "Really, how could anyone be so cruel as to keep him underground like that!"

The second concerned a large-moustached heavyweight captain at the Grand Military.

He was on the weighing machine when his saddle was required. "My saddle," roared the irate officer. "Yes, where is it?" asked the clerk. "My saddle 's on the horse, of course, you blankety-blank-blank fool," bellowed the captain. Perhaps in his previous racing exploits he had not been exactly observant about the rituals of racing.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Govett

Were looking very intimate behind a big bunch of flowers at the opening night of the new Dorchester floor show, "Just for Fun." She was Mrs. Elizabeth Wrenn Dupont before their marriage almost exactly a year ago

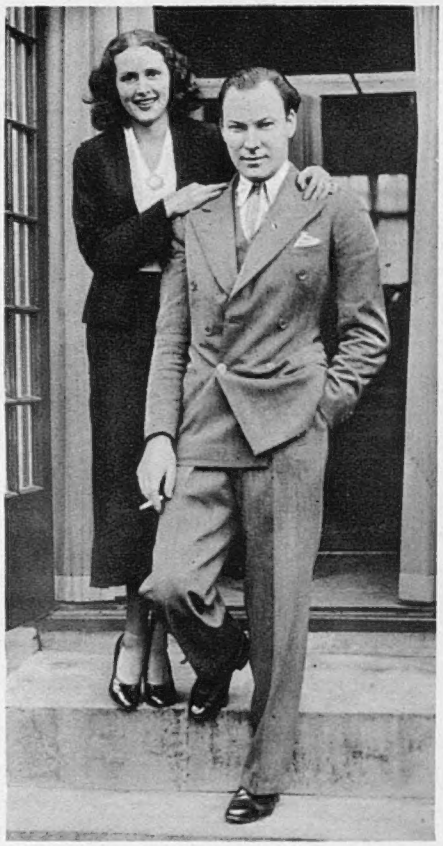
A Concertina Alteration

CIRO'S opening night resembled the Coronation Courts in one respect: so many people were crowded out. Four hundred, we heard, were actually turned away, and by nine o'clock both floors were packed with diners. Dancing was out of the question until about one a.m., when a few people had melted away.

Some clever alterations have been effected in the place. A concertina-like lowering of the ceiling and raising of the floor, bringing the balcony nearer to the latter, and rescuing the room from its former somewhat gaunt height.

The band, which numbers seventeen, has a new importance at the far end of the room, and, wearing white dinner jackets, have a black curtain background.

Ambrose, with his crooked smile, bending over his violin, must know he has the best band in London.



Bruce Seton and Tamara Desni

Notice of their much-hindered wedding was given at a North London register office last week; she is twenty-two, of Russian birth; her latest film part is in "Fire Over England"; he is Sir Alexander Seton's actor-brother, was with Ann Harding in "Love From a Stranger." The marriage will end Tamara Desni's troubles with the Home Office about work permits here

Lovelier by Contrast

FLOWER decorations that night were wonderful; every conceivable bloom being planted in somebody's hair! What is all this flower business? Why do women of all ages smother all kinds of hair with wreaths and bunches and top-knots of flowers?

Lovely women like Lady Moira Combe, Mrs. Philip Kindersley, Mrs. Anthony Acton, and Mrs. Lother Mendes, looked lovelier by contrast, with their simple unbedecked coiffures.

The latter, who was with her husband and Mr. Arthur Bendir (always a faithful Ciro patron), and pretty Elizabeth Corcoran, wore a short striped coat of many colours over a dark purple dress.

We caught glimpses of Lady Brownlow at a sofa table, the Whitney Straights, she paler and more beautiful than ever in a black dress and silver foxes, Lady Poulett with Eric Maschwitz, and Lord and Lady Selby.

Probably no two men in the "going out" world know more people than Jack Harris and Ambrose, and there can be no possible doubt as to the success of this joint venture of theirs.

The Inskip Family

Sir Thomas and Lady Augusta Inskip and their twenty-year-old son, Mr. Robin Inskip, were guests at the Kelburn-Lyle wedding. Lady Augusta Inskip is Lord Glasgow's eldest sister, so an aunt of the bridegroom

A Great Wit

MEMBERS of White's, both old and young, will miss the Edwardian figure of Sir Frederick Hartopp in their midst.

Much of the popularity of the "Toplet," as he was affectionately known, was due to his tolerant and "young" point of view. He was a wit and a great raconteur, and a lovable relic of a past generation.

We Still Say "Sweet"

SLANG is one of the most changeable things in the world. Did one ever really say "ripping," "topping" or "dash it"?

There must still be people who have not heard of some recent innovations, such as "builder-upper," meaning flattery behind your back; "letter off-er," meaning forgiving; "major" meaning big, great, or important (a major cad, for instance).

The Kelburn-Lyle Wedding—Bride and Bridegroom and Some Guests

Viscount Kelburn, R.N., and Miss Dorothea Lyle were married last Thursday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the elder son of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow, and she is the only daughter of Colonel Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle, of Glendelvine, Murthly, Perthshire

Lord and Lady Bridport were on their way to the reception at 16, Bruton Street, after the Kelburn-Lyle wedding. Among the presents was a silver rose-bowl given by Queen Mary to Lord Kelburn

Lady Elizabeth Murray, the Earl of Dunmore's daughter, and Mr. Peter Oldfield were two more of the huge crowd of guests. They announced their own engagement a few weeks ago

" Swell " has ousted " grand " to express enjoyment or approval. The " end " or " the bottom " still mean the worst of anything, " the top " the opposite. " Sweet," oddly enough, is an adjective that remains, but used in a different sense.

Even a man will say " So-and-so is a sweet girl," but he won't mean quite the same thing that his father meant.

Early March Discoveries

WE have found out that an evening spent watching ice-hockey at Earl's Court, and finishing up with supper and dancing in Quaglino's " basement," provided us with very great enjoyment.

That, furthermore, dog-racing is much more fun than we ever realised, and by knowing absolutely nothing about form, you may make money.

Discovery number three concerns those statuesque and imposing vases of flowers that decorate halls and long white drawing rooms, and are made of shell, wax, feathers and heaven knows what else.

The best way to clean this newest-fangled ornament is a strenuous blowing with the old-fashioned bellows.

Riviera Pen-Picture

THE " pen-picture " comes from Cannes, where, sweltering in the noonday sun upon the terrace outside the Carlton Bar, it seems more like mid-June than early spring.

Tyrolean-hatted Archduke Franz-Joseph of Austria, whose anti-glare goggles are equipped with " blinkers," whips out his camera and snaps newly-wedded Sir William and Lady Garthwaite, who are, unsuspectingly, sipping their drinks at a table nearby. He has just returned from India, where he went on a long visit to the Maharajah of Rajpipla, and is full of the thrills of what was his first experience of big-game shooting—while the Garthwaites have come on south, after their honeymoon, for a six-weeks' sojourn.

In the car-park, Lord Portarlington is busy showing an admiring throng of friends over his royal-blue Rolls. The young Anthony Stockers seem intrigued with the upholstery; Lady (Malcolm) Campbell voices her approval, and Lady Bowden (who 's out with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Clarke) is so envious that she decides, on the spot, to order a new car.

Lady Mappin, who is joining Lord and Lady Queensberry down here later on, has come over to lunch with Lord Michelham from Monte Carlo; Mrs. Stuart Wortley hurries by, bound for her antique shop on the Croisette (she 's had Lady Ursula Manners staying with her); and then there 's Mme. Paul Dubonnet who is looking for her husband, who 's talking to Mr. " Joe " Goldman and his beauteous German-born wife.

The Goldmans, by the way, give wonderful parties at their palatial villa perched high up on a hill overlooking the town. Here the gardens, which rank among the most famous on the Riviera, must be seen to be believed. They are also the fortunate joint-owners of a particularly handsome jet-black poodle called Colette, which goes with them everywhere.

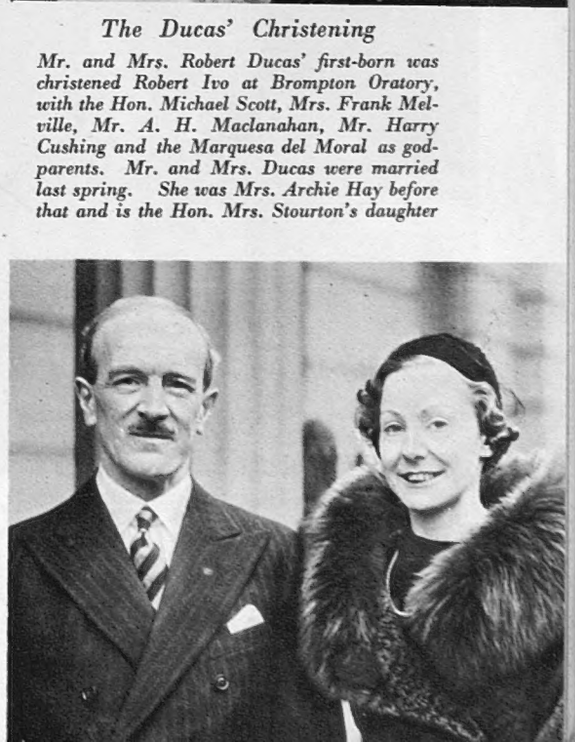
Seated in a shady corner, Lord Hirst of Whitton is contentedly puffing away at his pipe. He and Lady Hirst, who now have their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Gamage, with them, motor up to Mougins most days for lunch, where the gathering of golfers daily includes Lord Whitbrugh, Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, who are back again at their villa, Le Roc, and Michael Arlen, who has just started work on a play.

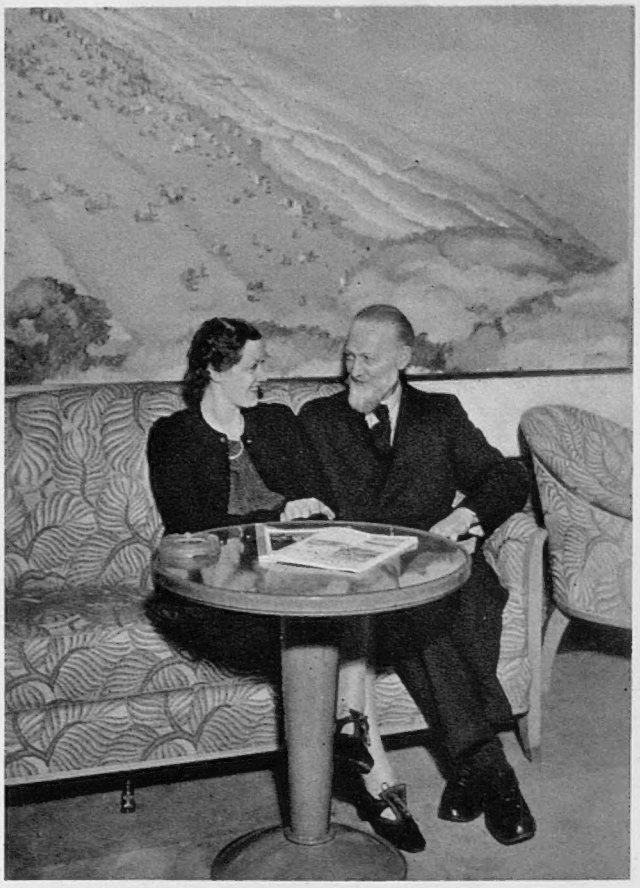
MISS PEEPS

Right: the Rt. Hon. Godfrey Locker-Lampson, the statesman-diplomat-poet, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Locker-Lampson, and Miss Barbara Hermione Green announced their engagement last week and are to be married soon. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Best Green, of Walton-on-the-Hill

The Ducas' Christening

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ducas' first-born was christened Robert Ivo at Brompton Oratory, with the Hon. Michael Scott, Mrs. Frank Melville, Mr. A. H. Maclanahan, Mr. Harry Cushing and the Marquesa del Moral as godparents. Mr. and Mrs. Ducas were married last spring. She was Mrs. Archie Hay before that and is the Hon. Mrs. Stourton's daughter





Compatriot Art: *they are both from Paris, were both en route for America and photographed beneath one of the Normandie's wall paintings: she is Mlle. Marie Glory, a cinéaste of some note in France; he is Kees van Dongen, one of the doyens of Paris portrait painters; he has recently completed a picture of King Leopold of the Belgians*

Brother Art: *one composes music, the other interprets it, and they, too, were photographed on board the Normandie, on the couch recently vacated by the two on the left; they are Igor ("Fire-Bird") Stravinsky and Samuel Dushkin, the violinist*

Art: Foreign and Home-Grown

Royal Art: *this bust of the Duke of Windsor has been acquired by the Duke of Kent; its sculptress, on right, is Miss Helen Haas. A pupil of Emile Antoine Bourdelle, her latest work is a fine bust of Lady Demetriadi; other sitters include Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Michael Arlen, and van Dongen (see above)*

Official Art: *Sir William Reid Dick is by way of being the sculptor laureate and the announcement that he is to execute the memorial statue of King George V. comes apropos. He made a bust of the King in 1933 and has sculpted two Viceroys for Delhi, the late Lord Irwin and Lord Willingdon (seen here)*

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 10.

Marquess of Queensberry

FRANCIS ARCHIBALD KELHEAD DOUGLAS, Marquess of Queensberry, Viscount Drumlanrig, Baron Douglas of Hawick and Tibbers, has amassed his own fortune. Indeed, he is much more of a self-made man than those who have acquired peerages through their own efforts. Nothing is more difficult than for a semi-penniless marquess to make a success in the City—unless it is for a duke to do so. In these days guinea-pig directors are regarded with remarkable disfavour, particularly those with hereditary titles. There is no guinea-porcine inefficiency about Lord Queensberry. Starting from scratch, he has become one of the most successful stockbrokers in the country—and all in the last ten years. Brought up as a professional soldier (he went to Sandhurst from Harrow, and thence to the Black Watch), he was twice wounded before 1917. It was, I fancy, Lord Hirst who set him on the path to fortune—but no easy one for a nobleman who is very much eighteenth century in tastes. Francis Queensberry is a direct descendant of the Corinthians who patronised "the Fancy," went to cock-fights, and spent fortunes at hazard, cribbage, l'ombre, French-ruff, gleek, backgammon, Irish, tick-tack, lanterloo, and penneech. He is generous, even lavish, a gourmet, and at heart a gambler and a Beau Brummell. All the more credit to him therefore that he wears the striped trousers of Old Broad Street, deals in old-fashioned stocks (although the gold shares boom has done him no harm), and has deservedly become a partner in one of the most important firms of stockbrokers in the country.

CONSIDERING that he is probably the best poker player in London, and a very ardent one (at contract he overbids his hand), it shows great self-control that he keeps away from Grosvenor Street and Carlton House Terrace during office hours. In his opinion, by the way, P. I. Albarron is unquestionably the best bridge player in the country, with John Follet and Kenneth Hogg as joint runners-up.

Unhandicappable at golf; a poor shot, and only interested in racing from the point of punting, Francis Queensberry likes the South of France for his holidays, specialising in chemin de fer, at which he never wins. If he ever goes to a cinema he nearly always walks out. But he likes the theatre, and is very fond of food, believing—quite rightly—that the Orleans Club has probably the best cuisine in London. He doesn't like flying, but flies everywhere because he is impatient and likes to be punctual. He does not, even cannot, drive a car. He dislikes talkative people, is fond of music, cigars, W. W. Jacobs, and very good champagne.

IT is absurd to think that his daughter Patricia was a debutante of 1936. He looks barely twenty-eight himself. At the moment his great interest is boxing, his patronage being immensely valuable to the National Sporting Club. He is also vice-president of the Stadium Club, and president of All Saints Hospital. Of painting he knows little, though he is able to take an intelligent interest in the work of his very talented wife, Cathleen Mann, daughter of the late Harrington Mann.

But of castles he has none—more 's the pity, now that he could afford it. He would give the most marquessorial banquets.

Charles Graves

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

The voice of inexperience: Peter Coke

Man of the world and friend in need: Paul Leyssac

Proposing to mother for father: Marie Tempest, Antoinette Cellier and W. Graham-Browne

"Retreat from Folly" (Queen's)

I AM still looking forward to the night when Miss Marie Tempest, to whom we all pay homage, will take her courage and her art in both hands and will startle the stalls by appearing on the stage as a virago, a frump, a sadist, a skinflint, a lesbian, a cat, a hypocrite, a procuress—anything that is regarded as thoroughly unsympathetic.

For the truth is that this most accomplished actress, who could play so many parts to admiration, seems to be content with playing only one. It is the part of a smart woman of the world who is twice as clever and twice as nice as all the other characters in the piece put together. A part which, if she has children, it is that she may bring them to recognise how much more charming and sensible she is in her love for them than they are even in their love for her. A part in which, if she has a husband, he will finally realise what a muff he has been and what a treasure she is.

A part in which every other line is a bouquet to the leading lady.

SUCH parts, saturated with sympathy, turn plays into panegyrics, and I must confess (though I was not unprepared for it) that my heart sank a little when, soon after the rise of the curtain at the Queen's, Mr. Graham-Browne ambled on to the stage as the husband who divorced Miss Tempest twenty years gone by, but who now returned to her for help in the guidance of their maturing offspring. Of course, she had never been unfaithful to him really. Of course, it was all a dunderheaded mistake. Of course, he had never been properly comfortable since the day they parted. Of course, in Act III., they would decide to join forces again. Clearly, we were in for another post-middle-aged love-affair. Than which what, I submit, is more depressing in the West End?

Then, too, we must go through with the children—the children who didn't know she was their mother, which meant a little heart-tug at discreet intervals, acutely suffered but most bravely endured. The daughter (Miss Antoinette Cellier) was having an affair with a confirmed philanderer. Need I tell you that he found it more fun to ask Miss Tempest out to supper? Need I tell you how grateful was Miss Cellier once her eyes were open?

The son (Mr. Peter Coke) has been selling stolen motor-cars—a weak young man, but his weakness was Miss Tempest's strength. How she plotted and schemed to save him from the law—how she came face to face with Scotland Yard—and how even Scotland Yard succumbed to this wonderful little woman, promising to refrain from pursuing the matter any further!

OF most actresses who play the same part all their lives one does not trouble to complain. We know that we are missing nothing. But in the case of Miss Tempest, complaint is a compliment. We know that she has powers she has never exercised. We deplore the fact that all her performances seem to be of exactly equal merit. To treat her as a queen who is holding court in a theatre and against whom it would be lèse-majesté to utter a word of reproach is the usual critical attitude. But this is not to take her seriously. We look to Miss Tempest to show us not only what she *has* done but what she *can* do. Time flies, and we grow impatient.

Baron

Naunton Wayne—from Compère to Light Comedy

Naunton Wayne has turned himself into a light-comedy actor with great success as the droll, vague youth who is foil to Nora Swinburne in *Wise To-morrow*. Vague unawareness of his own comicality was always his strong suit; now he shows he can use his technique as aptly for drawing a character, for touching the pathos line, as for cracking a joke. Before this, Mr. Wayne had established a place of his own as an amusing and original compère; he has done the job for C. B. Cochran, for floor-shows at the Dorchester, for cabaret at the Ritz, for non-stop revue, and at length and in style for *1066 and All That* during its long run at the Strand. *Wise To-morrow*, in which he now appears, is at the Lyric—a very funny, slightly cross-grained comedy by Stephen Powys in which Martita Hunt and Diana Churchill play leads

Ciro's Again

Ciro's re-opened last Tuesday — almost an historic event for the people who remember it as the packed inevitable night-playground of the 'twenties. Its closing in 1934 left a night-life gap : the vague questions one kept hearing about what had happened to it and was it going to re-open, showed that it was genuinely missed. Jack Harris and Ambrose are responsible for its re-appearance, and Ambrose and his band are going to make its music. Ciro's is a club again, but with a lounge and a bar-grill-room as well as the restaurant. The old high square room has been altered to an oval, and the roof and balcony have been lowered. Peter (Rattazzi) is in charge; everyone will be glad to know he has recovered from the illness that made him give up the Embassy, where he succeeded Luigi

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

HENRY LONGHURST, golf critic, holed out in one the other day when he remarked that the British have turned into a nation of games-watchers. Lord Kennet told the Association of Technical Institutions a day later that it was melancholy to see the tens of thousands of football fans in this country who exercise nothing but their lungs, whereas on the Continent you can often see 50,000 doing physical exercises together (not that we 'd go crazy over that idea, either). However, such cracks are timely, and a few more from time to time might begin to shake the enduring national delusion that we 're a mass of big, hardy, athletic chaps and the envy of the world. As to that other similarly fixed national delusion that games are exclusively a British invention, J. B. Morton gave it a timely kick in the pants recently when he pointed out that with the exception of Ludo there is no game in existence which didn't come to us from abroad.

It wouldn't matter quite so much about turning into a nation of rubber-necks if there weren't such a disturbing increase of hooliganism on the part of the crowds. A philosopher could derive matter for extensive thought any week-end from the spectacle of a thousand or so Yahoos jeeringly counting out a wounded Soccer gladiator, or the female portion of an ice-hockey crowd howling and throwing bottles and things at the losing side. Also from the increasingly unpleasant tactics of players themselves, even in International Rugby, once considered a game for (to coin a word) gentlemen. It 's a significant development, and chimes sweetly enough with that steady increase of graft and bribery in British business which has alarmed the Lord Chief Justice, the falling birth-rate, the advance of Communism, the mounting tide of suicides, and a dozen other indications of twilight and approaching doom.

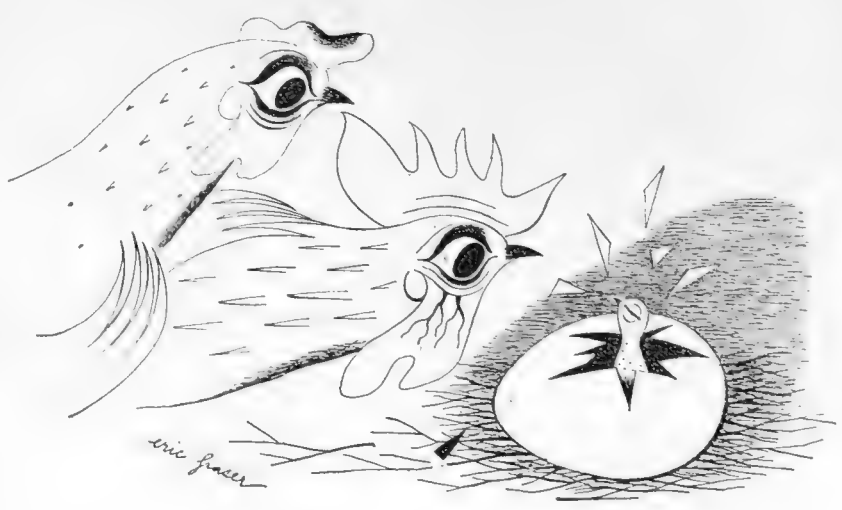
The whole situation (added Uncle Dheeriboy laughingly) throws us personally into a state of impassibility compared with which the calm of a deaf-and-dumb Red Indian would resemble the Monday jitters of a paranoiac film-director. It 's what we British have been asking for a long time, and it 's what we British will get; except there are immemorial forces at work (even stronger than Jazz) which at the last moment may save us yet in spite of ourselves, however much we kick them in the face. (Applause.) The speaker then removed his coat and boots and invited any lady present to wrestle on the sward, after which tea was served in the schoolroom.

Over There

THOSE of you chaps who think, after seeing so many Hollywood films and studying the Beaverbrook Press, you know the American language, can take a stab at this, from an American business magazine: A telephone-linesman broke his leg and was taken to hospital, where one of the nurses asked him how it had happened. "You see, lady," he said, "it was like this. I was out stringin' and I only had one ground-mole. He was up a big come-along and she was a pretty heavy one, see? I was pullin' on her and I yelled to the mole to give the guy a rap. Instead he just threw a sag into her and that broke my leg." "I don't understand," said the puzzled nurse. "Neither do I," said the patient, "that guy musta been crazy."

You 'll probably come back at us with the sound remark that this is technical and that a British telephone-linesman is probably equally obscure. All right, try an easier problem, chiefly social, taken from the same issue of an English insurance house-magazine somebody sent us. An official of the Equitable Life Assurance Company of America was out to get business from an eminent radio star named Luke Higgins who specialises in small-town sketches. She dictated this letter: "Dear Luke Higgins, by way of introduction I am Rosie Higgins, of Titusville. . . . I was just a-thinking it would be a fine thing for you and your Samanthy if you had one of our monthly life-incomes and would a-travelling go. Of course, you 'd want to come back after a while, 'cause there 's no place half so dear as Titusville, nor is there any place with people half so fine. . . . Your Titusville neighbor, Rosalie Higgins." She got the business, and if you think you understand the method, imagine a cheery Prudential agent writing to (say) Marie Tempest: "Hey, there, Miss Tempest, how come we never met up social yet? Listen, Miss Tempest, we got sump'n, and it 's certainly a wow. Ever heered of our noo policy," etc.

We call ourselves a democracy, too.



"It's a boy!"

Spy

THE recent birthday of British Naval Intelligence coincided curiously with reports of the rapturous reception of the new German hero-play about Karl Lody, the spy who was shot in the Tower; and another curious thing is that Lody may have been a good sort, but he certainly wasn't a good spy. We had Lody taped (as Pater would say) or rumbled (as Ruskin would remark) all the time. About the only bit of hot news he ever put across German Intelligence was

the piece about the Russian troops pouring through England in a thousand troop trains that night in 1914. Our people happened to know they were the Angels of Mons, so they let Lody's story through.

We met the ace and king-pin of German war-time spies in a Pall Mall Club recently—Naval Captain Franz Von Rintelen, a modest and charming person. He was the spy who after being at length arrested in London, was taken to a military police-station used chiefly for drunks of commissioned rank. Tired of kicking his heels there, he walked out with a casual nod, got on a 'bus for the Docks, meaning to get away in a Swedish boat, suddenly changed his mind, went back, and was received pretty coldly by the officer in charge, who was frightfully bored. However, they gave him a chair and a *Daily Mail*, and in due course an armed escort arrived and revealed his identity, to the pop-eyed consternation of all concerned. If somebody hasn't already filmed Von Rintelen's gallant escapades, of which this particular one is about Number 57, they ought to.

What the moral is we can't think, except that it probably teaches us to keep on keepin' fit, as the bishop said to the show-girl.

"Can't something be done to stop this heckling?"

Mrs. Parker Hits Out

THE exquisite Dorothy Parker, scourge of the American booboisie, has published another little book of verse, the kind with that sombreness and disillusion in it she can do so well, whether in a pensive little couplet like:

> Men seldom make passes
> At girls who wear glasses

or in a really profound and bitter stab at the fool world like the quatrain called "The Flaw in Paganism":

> Drink and dance and laugh and lie,
> Love, the reeling midnight through,
> For to-morrow we shall die;
> (But, alas, we never do).

Those four lines contain most of the philosophy of Horace, among others of the big boys who have sadly discovered that the enduring reward of a life of pleasure is a worse heart-ache than headache. (*Amari aliquidi*, etc., to you well-educated chaps). Mrs. Parker's short stories have, beyond spare and beautiful craftsmanship, the same sombre note, and often a deep one. Read the one called *Big Blonde* and tell us if Maupassant ever produced anything as good. Yet the girl is the most gay and vivid wit in New York, which means there's nobody on this side, except possibly Rose Macaulay, within fifty miles of her; and Mrs. Parker's wit is terser and more packed than Miss Macaulay's. Hollywood can't get her down, either. Every now and again we hear of some new shattering Parkerism which puts that ridiculous burg in its exact place. Broadway also. It's doubtful if La Hepburn has ever recovered from Mrs. Parker's often-quoted description of her performance in *The Lake* as "running the whole gamut of emotion from A to B." It isn't that Mrs. Parker ever means or wants to be unkind, except when she does, which is rarely; it's just that she can't help it. She's an ideal playmate with those she likes, just being kind to everything helpless and dumb and furry, including even little actresses if they come to her with that big hurt look in their eyes.

"Want something?"

She has a devoted but not extensive public in this country, being a bit of a puzzle to the average healthy Briton. What can a chap make of a girl who in one and the same slim volume of verse

(*Sunset Gun*, 1928) has a morceau beginning

> If I had a shiny gun
> I could have a world of fun
> Speeding bullets through the brains
> Of the folk who give me pains . . .

only a few pages from an exquisite little poem on the Nativity ending :

> They say she 'd kiss the boy awake
> And hail Him gay and clear,
> But, oh, her heart was like to break
> To count another year.

—Eh ?

Big Boy

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S birthday came and went the other day without upsetting most of our arrangements, though he caused us some embarrassment late in the evening at a party where an American friend of ours kept hiding behind a curtain with a polo-stick to take a crack at the Father of his Country, who, he alleged, was following him round and tickling his instep. This seemed to be an exaggeration, because Washington never took liberties of that sort with anybody. On the other hand, he certainly wasn't the plaster image most people think he was. You may remember a book on him by Rupert Hughes some years ago which aroused howls of execration all over America because Hughes revealed that Washington liked a highball now and again and was rather a jolly old character.

It 's dangerous to touch popular idols. Now and again in this country cads arise to take a swipe at Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell and Nelson and Bottomley and other national heroes, saying they weren't spotless and had sins, and so forth ; but the critics damn them at once, nobody listens to their replies, and their books on the subject vanish swiftly into Limbo with last week's world-masterpiece of female fiction. In Washington's case there is also the prospect that the careless author may be lynched.

A stout pigeon was asleep on Washington's head hat when we passed his modest statue in Trafalgar Square to see how many other people had remembered him. It isn't a very striking piece of work—nothing like the 20-ton memorial statue in the Smithsonian Institution which a Florentine sculpture did about a hundred years ago. They found, when they unpacked it, that Washington was wearing nothing but a ballet dancer's skirt and a wreath, so it was carefully fenced round, and removed altogether in 1908. If more and more sculptors played that trick there would not be so many public statues about and everybody would be happier. Correct us if wrong, but before starting to do so refresh your mind with that recent Sitwell-Hamnett survey of London statues which revealed all that nice people need know about such things.

Big Girls' Corner

BY a laughable error an English girl hockey international who was selected to play against Germany at the Oval last week was described in a recent report as having made her début in first-class hockey in 1901, instead of 1921.

Such mistakes are quite natural a women's hockey official assures us, many British first-class hockey girls being pretty tough and whole-hearted—Mabel Porchester, for example, who first bullied-off for Roedean against Cheltenham in 1900, when she was only fifteen, and even then spreading dismay and consternation among all beholders. To-day at the age of fifty-two the enormous girl can still whack down a pretty hot ball for England's sake, and that big weather-beaten face can, when required, let out a bellow of "*Sticks !*" which rocks the grandstand. Another international veteran of endurance and mettle is Bertha ("Biffers") Bootley (1908—19— ?). Last season, if you remember, Miss Bootley was unable to stop herself at the end of a terrific charge downfield in a practice match at Hove and crashed among the spectators, killing three outright, breaking the ribs of five others, and reducing half the stand to matchwood. Such girls make us proud of our island heritage.

On the other hand, there are instances of fine big hockey girls who have suddenly "gone fairy," as the Hockey Board official put it to us, "and taken to secret slimming and all that sort of poisonous rot." The case of Elsie Gathercole was one she quoted. In six months Miss Gathercole had got herself down to 16 stone and was holding her hockey-stick as if it were a tea-rose. When she began having her 5-pounder match-boots lined with pink swansdown they thought very properly the time had come to expel her from British women's hockey. To-day, as P.C. Elsie Gathercole, she is a leader of the smart night-club set in West End police circles and a warning to all.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"We can't shoot now, son—it trusts us"

Films of the Day

Three New English Pictures : By George Campbell

"FIRE OVER ENGLAND" should have been a great picture, and very nearly is. There is no more dramatic period than Elizabeth's; the Spanish Armada, picturesque symbol of aggression, might have been devised especially for the screen; personalities and ideals north and south of the Bay of Biscay are vividly contrasted by history, all ready to the dramatist's hand. It was a time of passion and dark intrigue, of thrilling gallantry and bloody violence. Men and women were capable of behaving with quixotic generosity one moment and, the next, with the murderous malevolence of a Chicago gangster. It was, indeed, as Bothwell, Drake and Hawkins remind us, an age when the gangster flourished, with the Queen muscling in on every racket and firmly demanding her cut.

Matchless material for the screen, on the whole skilfully used. Here is the Virgin Queen scowling at wrinkles in a mirror, lamenting (if one did not misunderstand her passages with Essex) that she has saved for the worms what was meant for mankind. Here is a Burleigh whose greatness does not have to be insisted on by the other characters — always a confession that the playwright knows no other way of communicating genius. And here is a Philip behind whose tired, sad eyes fanaticism burns darkly, like a night-lamp; a man so thirsty for salvation, for himself and others, that he can burn without a tremor, and dispatch hundreds of priests with the Armada to baptise the infant English, and wet-nurses to suckle them lest they should receive spiritual contamination with their mothers' milk. Hard things have been said by historians about Philip. His chief trouble has been overlooked. He doesn't seem to have had much sense of humour. With these three characters magnificently played by Flora Robson, Morton Selten and Raymond Massey, Laurence Olivier as the dashing young hero who undertakes a dangerous job of espionage in Spain, and two attractive young women, Vivien Leigh and Tamara Desni, to supply romance, *Fire Over England* should be another *Private Life of Henry VIII*. It isn't, and it is not easy to explain why.

In part, the fault is in the script. Miss Dane handles the literary passages well enough, but hasn't the gift of arousing much interest in her characters. Her treatment is not intimate enough. Her Elizabeth and Burleigh and Philip are all right; but then, their features are painted strongly and recognisably by history. The fictitious characters remain shadowy and rather remote—a fault accentuated by the monotony of angle and tempo. So many shots have a family resemblance, and fade out in the same way, that I found some people in the audience a little uncertain for a few seconds as to which country they were supposed to be in. A brisker scenario, a trifle more humour, and sharper cutting, and *Fire Over England* would have been brilliant. Incidentally, it is memorable for one thing as it is. It is the only story of the Armada ever made—or likely to be made—in which you don't see Drake.

SONNIE HALE, as a comedian, has never appealed to me. It is with all the more pleasure that I record the opinion that *Head Over Heels*, which he directed, is one of the best musicals ever made in England. Perhaps the very best. You will see no armies of shapely robots cavorting amid giant sets. The action of *Head Over Heels* takes place in a restaurant and a broadcasting station, for a change. When there is a song to be sung, Jessie Matthews sings it. What dancing there is, she does. That suits me, and (I hope) you. If it doesn't, then give *Head Over Heels* a miss. Whitney Bourne is spectacular; Romney Brent quaintly funny when given an opportunity; and Robert Flemyng sincere if a wee bit stolid as the hero; but Miss Matthews is the show. As for the Dutch discovery, Louis Borell, I shared the sentiments of a young woman, evidently from the North, whose conversation I overheard as I left the theatre. "Jessie," she said, in the tone of one speaking of a divinity—a divinity familiar enough to be called by her first name, but a divinity all the same—"oh, Jessie 's *ever* so sweet! But that young man—I reckon nowt to Louis Borell!"

MAX SCHACH, who produced that brilliant thriller, *Love from a Stranger*, scores another hit with *Dishonour Bright*, easily Tom Walls's best picture. Ben Travers has turned from farce to comedy, and for the first time has made a shot at genuine characterisation, instead of lifting the old stock figures out of the prop room. I could wish that for once Mr. Walls had got right away from the rôle of the professional philanderer, but let 's give praise for what we 've got. This story of the divorced man who gets off with the wife of the barrister who attacked him in court is amusingly contrived, it is smoothly acted by Mr. Walls, Betty Stockfield, Diana Churchill, Eugene Pallette and Cecil Parker, and the production is up to the best Hollywood standard. If all British pictures were as entertaining, we should hear less of troubles in the industry.

"Crack-Up"

Peter Lorre, leading spy of the film world, has been indifferently served in his new picture, "Crack-Up," which went to the Tivoli last week. Even his gift for making the flesh creep is stifled in the folds of the story. Brian Donlevy and Ralph Morgan are in the photograph; the film was made in Hollywood

"Dishonour Bright"

On the other hand, Tom Walls has made his best picture so far in the comedy of mildly dishonourable doings which has been at the Empire. Diana Churchill is in it with him, and also played lead in the film of "The Dominant Sex" which was at the New Gallery last week

Anthony

Argentinita—Spanish Dancer and Spanish Refugee

Argentinita doesn't even know whether her lovely, expensively stocked house in Madrid is still standing, and her company—the first entirely Spanish ballet to be formed—has been disbanded because the men have joined the internecine dance of death in the Peninsular. As usual, upheaval on the Continent has meant a gain for England, for Argentinita is now making her first appearances on the London stage. Born in the Argentine, she started dancing at five and has given herself up to it ever since, living years with the gypsies to study the national genre at first-hand: the result is the purest Spanish dancing in existence—not your romanticised tangos and fal-de-lals with fans—and a footwork which the whole dancing world acknowledges as supreme. On Monday she appeared for the first time before a London audience at the Ballet Gala in aid of the National Council of Girls' Clubs at the Piccadilly Theatre, and next Sunday evening she is to give a recital, presented by Lady Eleanor Smith and Anton Dolin, at the Arts Theatre

Jan Lukas

Spring Sunday

Howard Coster, London

Powers of the Pulpit: the Very Rev. Dick Sheppard

Now Canon and Precentor of St. Paul's, and a Chaplain to the King since 1935, Hugh Richard Lawrie Sheppard is still best known—and probably always will be—as the first priest to bring religion to the microphone in this country. As Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields from 1914-1927, he made his own name and the parish's by his intimate contact with his congregation both in the church and, after 1924, beside the loud-speaker: the illuminated Christmas-trees that annually shine onto Trafalgar Square or down Ludgate Hill are typical of his simple but effective and original methods of appeal. Educated at Marlborough (the Bishop of London's old school) and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, he went as chaplain to Oxford House, and became its head in 1909, holding various clerical offices (such as extra private chaplain to the Archbishop of York), until his appointment to St. Martin's. The rest of Sheppard's church career to date is: Dean of Canterbury, 1929-31, and Canon of St. Paul's since 1934; but his extra-official activities are more celebrated, most especially his out-and-out pacifism, regarded by some as ultimate madness, by some as ultimate sanity, and his publications: at present his Peace Pledge Union is holding weekly meetings in London's open spaces, and he is editing a modern symposium to appear in April, called *The Root of the Trouble*. He is president of the Sherlock Holmes Society

Miss Peggy Bishop

Is the only daughter of Colonel A. C. Bishop and Mrs. Archibald Savory, of 37, Smith Street, S.W.3. She hunts, sails with the Bembridge Dinghy Club, and is learning singing. She and Susan Sutherland, are having a joint dance next month (April 14th)

Miss Susan Sutherland

Is the eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. R. O. Sutherland and Mrs. Sutherland, of Green Street, W.1. She is eighteen this month, has travelled a great deal with her mother, in India, China, Japan, Greece, Egypt; has been at school in Paris

Miss Jean Duff

Is the daughter of Mrs. Douglas Duff, of Carlisle Mansions, Cheyne Walk, and a cousin of Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith. Her mother and Mrs. Godfrey Lawson are giving a dance for her and Juliet Wilson on April 30th, and her mother plans to present her in Scotland

Coronation Debutantes

Right: Mary Mackail is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Mackail, of 107, Church Street, S.W.3. Her father is the well-known novelist; her mother is the daughter of Sir Guy and the Hon. Lady Granet. Mrs. Mackail and Mrs. Frank Hopwood are giving a joint dance for their daughters on July 6th

Miss Mary Mackail

Below: Miss Rosalind Christie

Left:

Miss Pamela Smith

Pamela Smith is the only daughter of the Hon. Hubert and Mrs. Smith, of White Lodge, Knutsford, Cheshire. She will be nineteen this year. Her father is the son of Lord Colwyn

Right: Rosalind Christie is another debutante from the literary world; she is the daughter of Mrs. Agatha Christie, detective-story writer and playwright. She is being chaperoned by the Hon. Mrs. Dudley North, as her mother is going to Syria on an archæological expedition with her husband, Mr. Max Mallowan

Miss Iona McClean

Is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Francis and Lady McClean, of Huntercombe Place, Henley-on-Thames. She and her elder sister are both coming out this year, and Lady McClean is giving a dance for them at Claridge's on June 21st. Sir Francis McClean is chairman of the Royal Aero Club

Miss Frances McClean

Is Sir Francis and Lady McClean's elder daughter. She and her sister Iona have just come back from Paris and Munich, where they have been studying. She is blonde, musical, devoted to opera; her sister is dark and "outdoor," hunts with the South Oxfordshire

Below: Diane Myburgh is the only daughter of Major P. S. Myburgh and the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Johnstone, of 56, Great Cumberland Place, W.1. Her stepfather is Lord Derwent's brother, and heir-presumptive. She is a good linguist and also bridge player

Miss Diane Myburgh

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood, Tunbridge, Pearl Freeman, Lenare, Stuart Hamilton, Bassano, Yevonde

Miss Moira Hopwood

Left: Moira Hopwood is the only daughter of the Hon. Frank and Mrs. Hopwood, of Waystrode Manor, Cowden, Kent, and a granddaughter of Lord Southborough. She and Mary Mackail are having a joint dance given for them in July

Below: Miss Diana Younger

Left: Diana Younger is the younger daughter of Mr. William Younger and Mrs. Dennis Wheatley, and a granddaughter of Sir William Younger, of Auchen Castle, Dumfriesshire. Her mother writes under the name of Eve Chaucer; her stepfather is well known as a thriller writer. Mrs. Wheatley is giving two small dances for her daughter

Below: Miss Jill Mander

Right: Carinthia Jill Mander is the younger daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Mander, of Kilsall Hall, Shifnal, Salop. She will be seventeen this year. Geoffrey Mander, the Liberal M.P. for Wolverhampton, is a cousin of her father

The Siren of the Breakfast Table

Kit (Robert Flemyng) speaks from the shoulder of Diana (Kay Hammond): "You know, Alan, this is a nice girl."
"Yes," replies the Hon. Alan Howard (Rex Harrison), "she's nice. She's good, too." The other man is Lt.-Cmdr. Rogers (Roland Culver)

The Inquisitor of the Breakfast Table

Alan and Kenneth (Trevor Howard) attend a postmortem by Maingot (Percy Walsh) on Brian's (Guy Middleton) ni
"Ah, M. Curtis, vous étiez soûl au Casino hier soir, n'est c
"Oh, non, monsieur. Pas ça. Un peu huilé, peutêtre"

"French Without Tears"

But You Almost Cry from Laughing, at the Criterion

The Fancy Dress

M. Maingot (Percy Walsh): "On ne peut pas dire la différence entre moi et un 'real Highlander'"

Right: Diana, the cause of the battle, says: "Well, I hope you all enjoyed yourselves at the Casino this evening"

Photographs by John Everard

Monsieur
ight out :
et pas ? "

Idealistic Argument is Interrupted

Alan : " In a hundred years' time men may be able to live up to our ideals even if they can't live up to their own."
Kit : " Look out ! Maingot ! "

Diana : " Alan, what do you mean by hanky-panky ? "
Alan : " I should tell you ! "

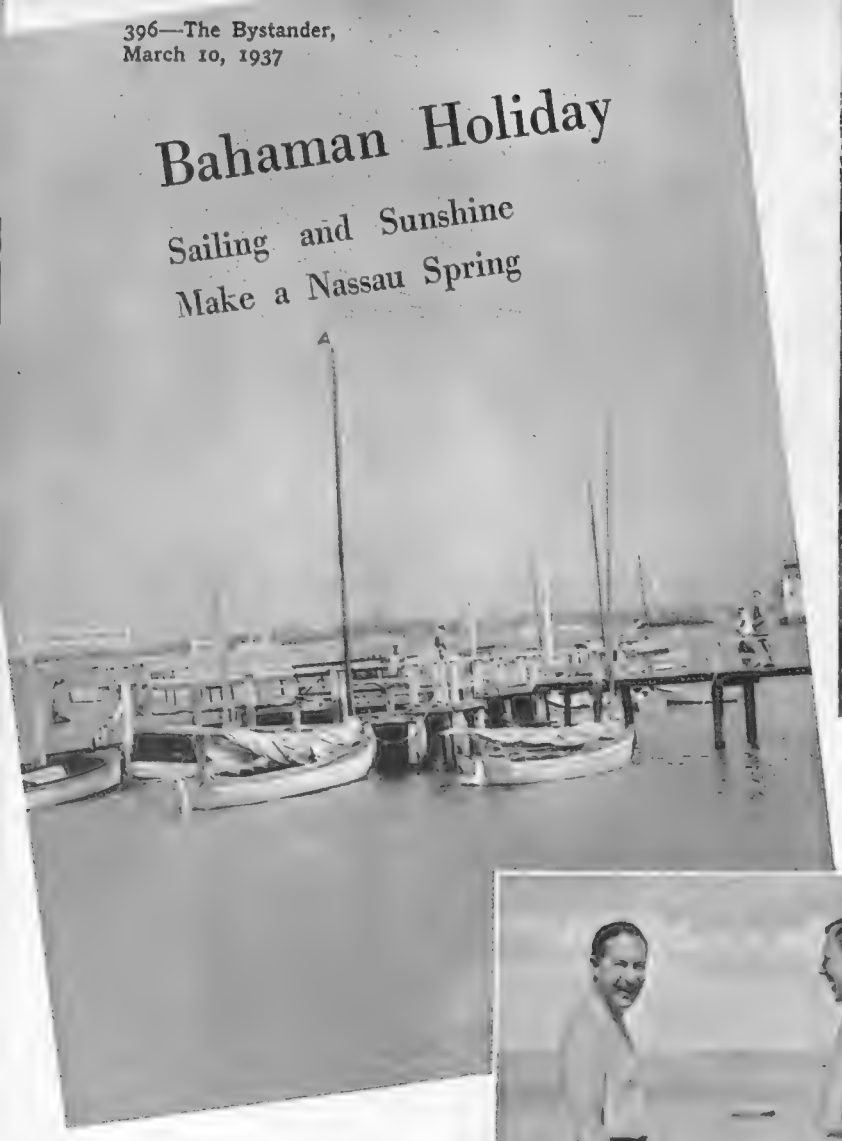
Below : Diana, the huntress (Kay Hammond) : " Come and help me pack, someone. I 'm going to catch that man or die "

Left : Jacqueline Maingot (Leueen MacGrath) is secretly in love with Kit

An excellent plot, ripe with situations, by Terence Rattigan, three acts of polished acting by a cast that is a team, a good surprise ending—these are the ingredients which are producing continual merriment at the Criterion: there is so much laughter at *French Without Tears* that you 'd think the audience was composed solely of Little Audreys. Percy Walsh gives an extremely funny interpretation of a typical stage Frenchman, the crammer in whose house fascinating Kay Hammond almost plays havoc with the whole of the pupilry—Messrs. Guy Middleton, Roland Culver, Robert Flemyng and that excellent comedian, Rex Harrison; Leueen MacGrath is Monsieur's warm-hearted daughter

Bahaman Holiday

Sailing and Sunshine Make a Nassau Spring



In the foreground is the jetty of the Royal Nassau Sailing Club; in the background, Hog Island, Mecca of yachtsmen in the West Indies because the Porcupine Club is there

Here is "Vile Bodies" the Governor's cabana on a lonely and lovely beach four miles from Nassau. It was placed at the disposal of the Duke and Duchess of Kent when they were at Nassau during their honeymoon

Right: Captain W. E. P. Saunders and Mr. T. H. Clyde were on the Nassau beach. Captain Saunders had been studying industrial conditions in America; his Scottish wife went with him. Mr. Clyde is a cousin of Mr. "Billy" Clyde

Nassau, on the island of New Providence, in the Bahamas, or the Isles of June, is a township so quaint, historic and sea-salted that the charm of its atmosphere is spell-binding. All day you sail, or fish, or take a comic horse cab, or play golf among the palms. On Bay Street, coal-black "mammies" squat at their straw-hat stalls plaiting more straw hats. An idle coon plays a banjo, leaning against the Victorian pillar-box. Little houses, pink, white and blue, have shop windows stocked from England, into which American tourists gaze curiously.

The American invasion, at its height during Prohibition, has hardly abated at all. In two hours they fly from Miami. When all Floridans discover how much greener and warmer is the Bahaman sea, it will be time to move on.

All the famous yachts in America turn up sooner or later, owners gathering at the Porcupine Club on Hog Island. Atmosphere very R.Y.S.; the Club has only a hundred members, and is one of the most attractive in the world.

Honeymooners and "cruisers" come out from England; English celebrities come on here to recover from Palm Beach or New York. It is exciting to see who comes in on the next ship, who leaves for New York, Cuba, New Orleans, Havana, Jamaica, Bermuda, Canada and "home."

Lucky people get asked to bathe and lunch with the Governor and the lovely Lady Clifford at their hut which was lent to the Kent's, Nassau's never-to-be-forgotten Royal honeymooners. Party people dance out the nights at the "Jungle" after meeting at the British Colonial, which is where "everybody" meets, morning, noon and next morning.

On wet days—there are three every winter—the bay looks almost as beautiful as Oban. So said a Scottish visitor; could anyone say fairer? And would Lord Castlerosse admire the only lake for being called Killarney?

Left: Mrs. George Ryan, Mrs. T. H. Clyde, and Mrs. Philip Ammidon were on the Governor's private—and very well-equipped—beach. Mrs. Ammidon was Beatrice Hudson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hudson of New York

Right: Mr. Eddie Tatham in an awninged cab make a nice Nassau picture. He'd come on to the simple life of the Bahamas from the sophisticated luxury of Palm Beach

On the left is Mr. "Billy" Clyde, sun-hatted according to local fashion. He is one of the A.D.C.'s to the Governor, Sir Bede Clifford, which keeps him from his usual winter's ski-ing

Below: Sir Frederick and Lady Williams-Taylor have had their daughter, Mrs. Frederic Watriss, of New York, their granddaughter, Miss Brenda D. D. Frazier and Mr. Tommy Weldon staying with them at their house near the famous Porcupine Club. Only twelve houses are allowed on Hog Island, which faces Nassau

Party on Hog Island

Captain the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford has been Governor and C.-in-C. of the Bahamas since 1932. He was just going to drive back to Nassau from his cabana "Vile Bodies" to see Donald Budge play an exhibition tennis match

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Johnson were at the Porcupine Club, Mr. Johnson having just won the Miami-to-Nassau 180-mile yacht race in his Stormy Weather. In her he won the New York to Norway race last year. He is unbeaten in long-distance yacht racing in America; hopes to sail in England this summer

The Hon. Peter and Mrs. Aitken have been among the Nassau visitors this spring. He is Lord Beaverbrook's younger son; she was Janet Macneill, of Nova Scotia

Howard Coster, London

Maurice Chevalier, "The Beloved Vagabond"

The considerable, if machine-made charm of the characters Maurice Chevalier has had to portray so far—gay lieutenants, gay artists, gay flâneurs—gives way in *The Beloved Vagabond* to a maturer part, claimed to be his first piece of real character acting: W. J. Locke's creation of Paragot might certainly have been made for him. The film, which went to the Plaza last week and was shown in Paris last spring, was made bi-lingually, with Chevalier and versatile Betty Stockfeld in the English and French versions and with Margaret Lockwood as Blanquette and Desmond Tester as Asticot in the English one only. As the producer, Ludovico Toeplitz, is Italian, and the director, Kurt Bernhardt, is German, it is well up to the standard of an industry second only to armaments in its persistent internationalism. Meanwhile Chevalier, whose heart never seems to have left Paris, is over there now, was in a big new revue at the Casino, and has turned (as they say) a film under Du Vivier's direction called *L'Homme du Jour*. There is also talk of his appearing at the Exhibition and even of an English tour in the late summer

In Marble Halls

(To the tune of "I dreamt that I dwelt")

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls
Designed in the very best taste;
There were pictures by Landseer adorning the walls,
And potted palms prettily placed.
There were butlers and flunkeys to do my behest
In a very respectful way;
And I also dreamt, which pleased me best,
That they gave me a Guinness a day.

Its goodness and flavour quite captured my heart,
I was thrilled by its ruby-like gleam;
And then, to my sorrow, I woke with a start
And found it was only a dream.
Yet though palaces, pictures and palms, and the rest
That I dreamt of have vanished away,
I can still have the one thing that pleases me best—
I can still have a Guinness a day.

A Guinness a day is good for you

G.E. 681

"Bystander" Short Story No. 79

The Narrow House: By Anthony Gittins

Illustration by Batt

With his thumb on the stiff iron latch of the bedroom door, he paused before entering. On his left, at the end of the short, low-ceilinged passage, was an open lattice-window through which he could see the moonlit bracken and the sombre recesses of the surrounding forest. On his right another door, its yellow surface pimpled with knots, menaced him with a scowl in the wrinkles of its graven surface.

Behind him the uncarpeted stairs cascaded darkly into the stone-flagged hall, and so gloomy, so confined was the course of their downward plunge that from where he stood not even the top step was visible.

It was a queerly, mis-shapen, semi-circular flight, and consisted of eleven stairs. He knew there were eleven, because each time he had gone up and down them he had striven to devote his mind to some matter-of-fact detail about them to ward off the terror they awoke in him. Even when he had, for the first time, ascended them with his host this impression had been strong enough, but alone just then in that pitchy darkness it had been overwhelmingly powerful.

It was not the feeling, which occasionally comes to men at such times, of being closely pursued. Nor was it that cold dread of coming face to face with hell-only-knows what horror. It was a sensation that convinced him, more intensely than either of these could have done, of the proximity of death and his own immediate peril. And as he stood there he felt a wild urge to crash his smoky little oil-lamp down those stairs and leap out of the window to put distance between him and that house; to put huge barriers of light between him and those eleven dark stairs.

But having almost lost himself that day in the forest, and having come upon this lonely house whose owner (with peculiar readiness) had offered him accommodation for the night, Anderson realised that it would be rank folly to venture now, so late, into that dense forest. Had it been summer he might have done so, but this bitterly cold night spelt danger for a man of his constitution out of doors. And so, with an effort, he mastered the impulse to panic.

His host, evidently having forgotten to close this window, had just retired to his own bedroom. Surely on such a night this window had not been left open intentionally? No, of course not, decided Anderson. Yet he made no move to shut it. His hand still hesitated on the door-latch, and he knew that the instinct which withheld him from opening the door and shutting the window was the same instinct which had just stayed him from pitching the lamp down the stairs.

It was the fear of disturbing the absolute silence—the unnatural stillness—in and about the old house. And

(Concluded on page 402)

The last guest
departs
and
you suddenly realise
how tired
you are . . .

back
in the drawing-room
that
final cigarette together
seems
to complete
that feeling
of
lazy contentment . . .

—a perfect end
to
a grand party
—and so to bed.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

The Narrow House *(Continued from page 400)*

there were so many nooks and crannies for silence to bide in. The whole interior of the dwelling, with its odd corners and unexpected partitions and lumpy floors, was as twisted and malformed as its owner, Burke, a short, light-haired man whose physical infirmities had at first moved Anderson to revulsion.

But this feeling in him had been partly overcome by the tumbling flow of Burke's talk, which revealed a knowledge of carpentry and domestic architecture. He had a fondness for parentheses in conversation, which interrupted but did not check the flow, like sticks thrown into running water.

"Observe the alterations and additions made in this room, sir," he had remarked during supper, peering at Anderson over a wine-glass tilted so that the burgundy in it crimsoned the candlelight on his forehead. "All done by myself." He had a form of St. Vitus's dance which, every now and then, made him suck in his thin lips, screw up his small eyes, and raise his sandy eyebrows. "That partition over there (two months' work, that was; oak, you know, gives a lot of trouble) I made to frame that piece of marble sculpture. That recess in the wall behind you (if you understood the construction of this house, sir, you 'd realise it was a very difficult place to build a recess) I made specially for the cabinet standing in it now. I made the cabinet, too. It 's full of the smaller items in my collection." He paused to go through his facial contortions. "I suppose you 've already noticed what I *do* collect?"

Anderson said no, he hadn't.

"Well, sir," rejoined Burke, "to parody Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's—'if you seek my collection, look about you.' All objects associated with death, you observe. That 's why I 've named it 'The Narrow House.' Look at the unevenness of this floor . . . here, let me move this candle. That 's better. Now you can see. I 've let six memorial tablets and plaques into this floor alone. (There are ten in the hall.) That one over by you came out of a graveyard in Devonshire. Beautiful lettering. Lovely verse, too. Some 'mute inglorious Milton' did that. And then those dog-irons. How do they strike you, sir? I modelled them from a crucifix—Tirolese wrought-iron work. I took it from the tomb in the night and had to divide it into several pieces to bring it home." He chuckled. "It would have surprised them at the Customs if I 'd declared a large iron crucifix, wouldn't it?"

Anderson, now suspecting the man's sanity, ventured to remark on the morbid nature of the pastime.

"Not 'pastime,' sir, if you please," said Burke. "I am an antiquary, and the occupation is much more to me than a pastime. As for its being morbid—why, my dear sir, death and love have inspired mankind's finest achievements! Look at Stonehenge (that 's a tomb; don't believe all the twaddle about sacrifices there), the Pyramids, the Taj Mahal. . . . Turn to painting. That picture on your left—Bocklin's 'Die Toteninsel.' It 's the most beautiful painting in the world. Take poetry. Sydney Dobell's 'Laus Deo.' Even Shakespeare wrote nothing as fine as that. Those are wonderful creations, all of them. Nothing melancholy there. It 's in the dreary, lovesick drooling of our popular poets that you find real morbidity."

Pausing to let this argument sink in, he indulged in an orgy of facial acrobatics, but kept his little eyes fixed all the time on Anderson. "And as I am an antiquary," he went on, "I must house my collection in a fit sanctuary. After all, sir, if you had some old love letters, you wouldn't keep them in a tea-caddy in the kitchen. You would tie them with ribbon, sprinkle a little perfume on them from time to time—the perfume She used—and keep them with all those possessions you treasure most. You would do everything to preserve their atmosphere and associations. And if, say, the ribbon had come from Her trinket box, you would reverence it on that account." He leant forward to make his next and final point. "Now, sir, those curtain cords on your right were the ropes used to lower Lord Rorden's coffin into his grave, and I reverence them on *that* account. That may seem curious to you. But be frank with me. Doesn't it impress you to realise that those very cords (please don't touch them; those curtains are never drawn) lowered Lord Rorden to his last resting-place? Aren't they as worthy of preservation (particularly when you consider how dearly beloved Rorden was) as that little piece of ribbon? A dead man—a dead memory. Those are your alternatives, sir. Which do you think should be accorded more honour?"

THUS had Burke talked, and at one point Anderson had thought to remind him that it was no great mark of reverence to turn a crucifix into a pair of dog-irons. But he had not done so. For despite the man's composed speech and courteous manner, Anderson had sensed that any disagreement might anger him. Secondly, those sentimental analogies, slipping clammily off his tongue, were to Anderson as nauseous as sugared slime, and he had not wanted to provoke any more of them. Thirdly, he had felt tired; too tired, even, to worry overmuch about that strain in Burke's manner, that plausibility which suggested either an endeavour to hide a fact more startling than any he had already mentioned, or else a disbelief in his ready justification of his peculiar pursuit. He had the mingled idiosyncrasies of a charlatan, a crank and a maniac, but, so far as Anderson could deduce, not the distinct individuality of any one of them.

His thoughts reverted to the present. He remembered that even the small oil-lamp now in his hand had, according to Burke, stood all night beside a bier in a village church. But that did not perturb him, nor did any part of the house, save the staircase, do more than merely depress him.

He had dawdled too long in this passage, anyway. His hands had been numbed by the bitterly cold wind, and if he was to get any sleep he would have to close the window.

He went along to do so. Outside, distorted shadows reached across the common towards the house, the longer ones slinking up here and there to slouch against the blotchy, yellow walls. There was no garden; nothing to relieve the bleakness of the scene; and even the moon, so far from adorning the landscape with solemn beauty, had drained it of all life and colour.

As Anderson laid his hand on the window-latch a quiet, rather sibilant voice behind him said:

"Please, Mr. Anderson. That window is never closed."

Anderson swung round so sharply that the glass funnel of the lamp almost leaped from its socket, and the flame dipped convulsively. Then it sprang up again and dimly illumined a shrivelled face with bloodshot eyes, the face of Burke, peering out of the door at the other end of the passage.

Anderson stammered something about the cold. He felt certain that Burke had been watching him all the time he had stood there.

"Never closed," repeated Burke. "You see, sir, in a house like this, so full of old spirits, there must be some outlet for them. Imagine if they were all boxed in! Suppose you yourself were boxed in!" He smiled, then gave Anderson an infinitely solemn look and softly closed the door, which seemed to have taken on a more evil scowl in the wrinkles of its graven surface.

Anderson stood quite still. A suspicion aroused by Burke's words was forming in his mind a horrible idea; an idea so gruesome that he gripped the lamp with both hands and was unaware of the sharp pain in his wrist as it touched the hot glass. He was staring towards the darkness at the head of the stairs. Now, after a period of seemingly interminable indecision, he started to walk along the passage, dreading each pace that drew him nearer to those eleven stairs yet driven by a feverish desire to learn if his suspicion was correct.

Reaching them, he raised the lamp high above his head so that he could discern their outline, could see how irregular they were, how unevenly spaced. One or two of the steps were inches above the average height of the entire eleven, and they were all longer and broader and deeper than a sensibly proportioned staircase would have been. He could no longer doubt what they were, nor fail to grasp their full significance. He knew. The realisation beat down the last of his self-control. He wanted to scream, to hide from his eyes the sight of those eleven stairs, to leap from the open window. But in that moment, thick with terror, he was unable to move, was held rigid by the paralysis that precedes ungovernable hysteria.

Behind him, the door of Burke's bedroom opened silently.

ANDERSON was never heard of again, but some months later another traveller came to that house. He also accepted Burke's offer of accommodation for the night, but the atmosphere of the place was altogether too terrifying for him, and he let himself out of the open window after dark.

It was the staircase that particularly horrified him—the staircase with its twelve stairs.

THE END.

Spring Fashions . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and many future brides are busy choosing their trousseau. With regard to colour, it has become a tradition to wear white for the actual ceremony, though some people prefer pastel shades or gold and silver. A few unsuperstitious people choose a delicate shade of green which is also very becoming. The beautiful dress above in white brocaded satin is inspired by the peeresses' Coronation robes and designed by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is cut with a modified kirtle which opens over a slender dress in heavy silk embroidered with silver. The wide train lined with taffeta spreads like a fan, while the tulle veil is enriched with lovers' knots

"Clad In the Beauty

Coronation year brings no very drastic changes
added brilliancy. This is particularly noticeable
speaking, skirts touch the ground and flare belo
the fullness is concentrated at the back rather th
above on the left, a charming frock in gold otto
Knightsbridge. The vogue for fine pleating is
Knightsbridge. It is expressed in shell-pink net,
tiered effect widening at the hem is very becomin